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• DOROTHY BUTTER-FINGERS •
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By George Munson

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Aunt Jerusha was dead and she had left everything to Dorothy. Aunt Jerusha had been mother and father in one to Dorothy until she married Charlie Enfield, the young lawyer. There was nothing against the young man's character, but Aunt Jerusha had no use for lawyers. A lawyer had once treated her badly.

Since the day of the young people's marriage, six months before, and then a misfortune had happened. Dorothy had called impulsively at her aunt's house to beg forgiveness and Aunt Jerusha had been quite conciliatory and had made tea in the fine old Worcester teapot that had come down in the family for generations. Then Dorothy dropped the sugar bowl, and that ended everything.

Aunt Jerusha had several peculiarities. One was her dislike for lawyers, whom she called rogues. Another was her love for her china, which she valued, she said, more than any human being on earth except her parrot, recently deceased. A stormy scene ensued, and Dorothy left the house indignantly. When Aunt Jerusha died she left Dorothy everything, including the tea service, teapot, milk pitcher, mended sugar bowl and five saucers and six cups. Dorothy had broken one saucer in childhood, and she had never heard the last of it.

They moved into the cottage. The legacy was much smaller than it should have been. Three-quarters of Aunt Jerusha's wealth had disappeared somewhere. However, they were not a mercenary young couple and cared very little about this.

"To my beloved niece Dorothy," the will had run, "I leave my china tea service in the hope that one or two of the pieces will escape destruction at her hands, and that her hus-

band, Charles, will prove himself an honest man, as well as a lawyer, if the occasion arises."

The young couple were too happy to pay much thought to Aunt Jerusha's eccentricities. They lived three months in the cottage before calamity broke over their heads. That happened one afternoon when one of Dorothy's friends was calling.

"Yes, aunt left me the dearest little tea set," she said. "We must



"We've Got to Evacuate."

have tea in it this afternoon. Look at this quaint little teapot—"

Crash! The teapot was a heap of broken china upon the floor.

In the midst of her distress Dorothy seemed to hear her Aunt Jerusha's mocking laugh.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the girl, wringing her hands. "I knew that would happen some day."

"Perhaps it can be mended," her friend suggested. "Why, look, Dorothy! What's that?"

"That" proved to be a piece of paper, neatly folded, which had made